



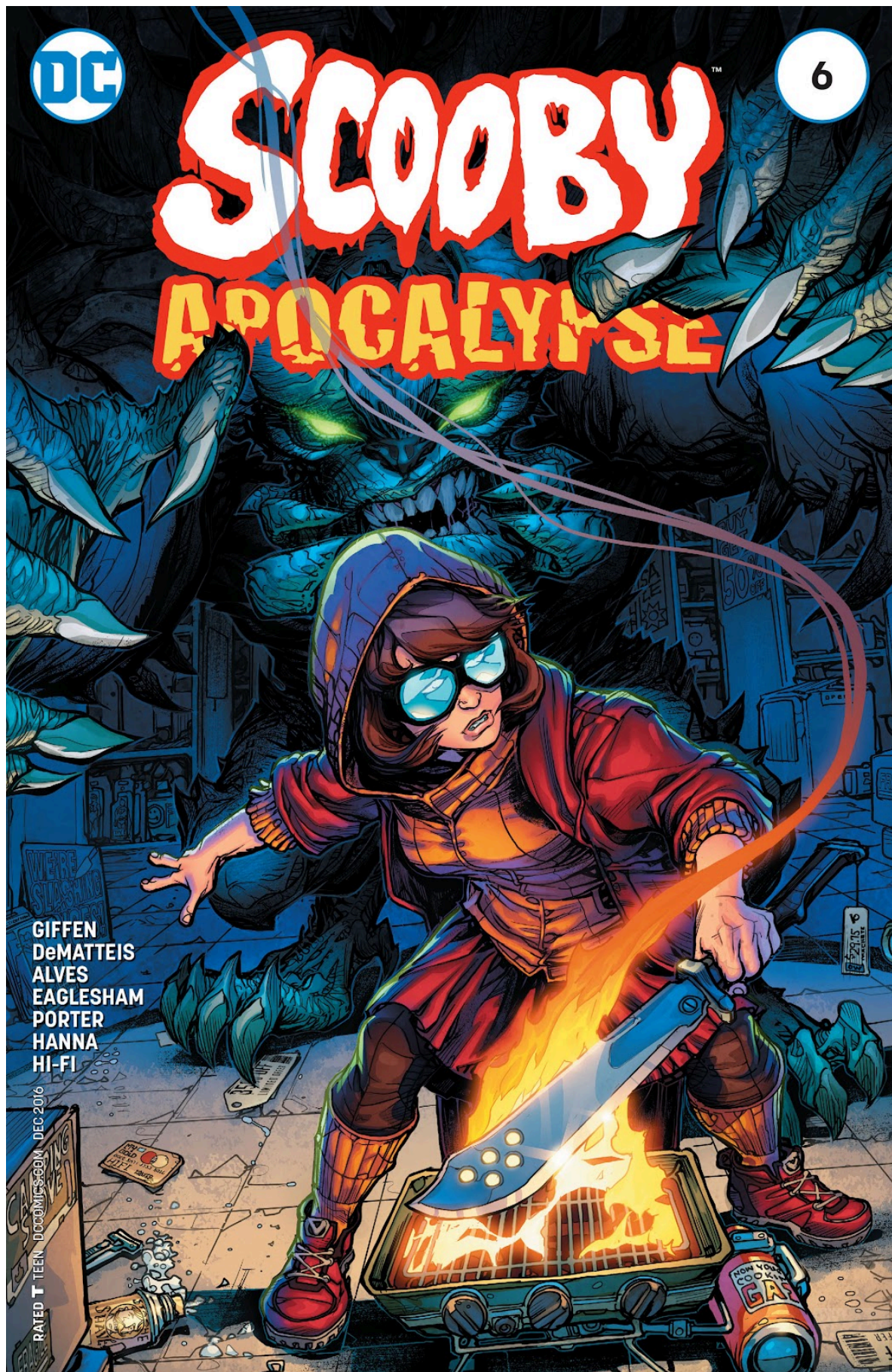
SCOOBY

APOCALYPSE

6

GIFFEN
DeMATTEIS
ALVES
EAGLESHAM
PORTER
HANNA
HI-FI

RATED T TEEN DC COMICS DEC 2016





GREEN LANTERN CORPS. THE SINESTRO CORPS.
CAN THEY SAVE THE UNIVERSE BEFORE
THEY KILL EACH OTHER?

HAL JORDAN AND THE GREEN LANTERN CORPS #8

BOTTLED LIGHT

WRITTEN BY
ROBERT
VENDITTI

ART BY
ETHAN
VAN SCIVER
AND
RAFA
SANDOVAL

THE
NEXT EPIC
STARTS
HERE!

ONLY
\$2.99

TWICE MONTHLY
BEGINNING
NOVEMBER

DC UNIVERSE REBIRTH



6

SCOOBY

APOCALYPSE



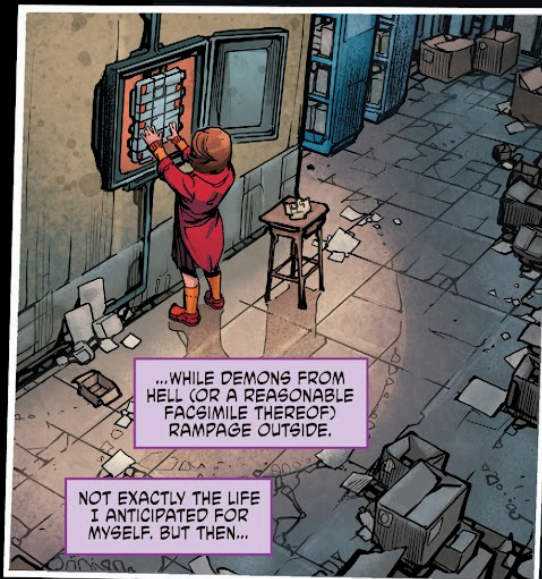
RATED **T** TEEN DCCQMIDS.COM DEC 2016

GIFFEN
DeMATTEIS
ALVES
EAGLESHAM
PORTER
HANNA
HI-FI



MALL-MART,
SOMEWHERE IN
NEVADA...

TRAPPED IN A
BIG-BOX STORE
IN THE MIDDLE
OF NOWHERE...



...WHILE DEMONS FROM
HELL (OR A REASONABLE
FACSIMILE THEREOF)
RAMPAGE OUTSIDE.

NOT EXACTLY THE LIFE
I ANTICIPATED FOR
MYSELF, BUT THEN...



...NOTHING IN MY LIFE
HAS EVER GONE
AS ANTICIPATED.

STILL, THIS
PARTICULAR CHAIN
OF EVENTS HAS
TRANSCENDED THE
BOUNDARIES...



...OF EVEN MY
MOST EXTREME
SPECULATIONS.

RELMA...?
REVERYTHING
ROKAY?

NOT NOW,
SCOOBY-
DOO.

I'M TRYING TO
RESTORE THE POWER
SO THAT I CAN REBOOT
MY LAPTOP AND ACCESS
THE COMPLEX'S
SERVERS.



IF I CAN CONTACT
A TEAM AT ONE OF OUR
SECONDARY INSTALLATIONS,
THEY MAY BE ABLE TO HELP
US SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF
WHAT'S HAPPENED
TO THE WORLD.

IF THEY'VE
SURVIVED,
THAT IS.

I'M TALKING TO A DOG, WHO
UNDERSTANDS WHAT I'M
SAYING. AND TALKS BACK!



THIS IS PURE
INSANITY.

AND I'VE GOT NO
ONE TO BLAME...

...BUT
MYSELF.

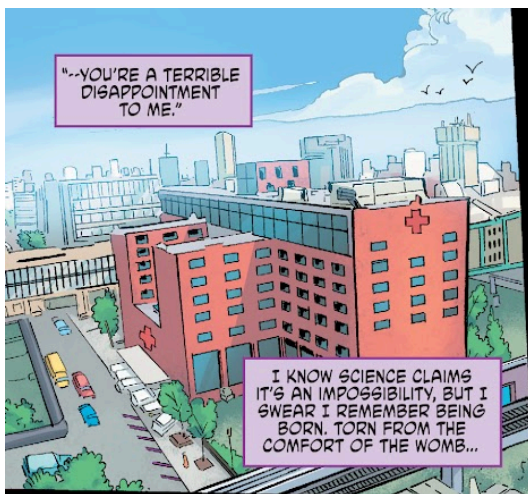
The Secret History of VELMA DINKLEY



KEITH GIFFEN & J.M. DeMATTEIS: writers **HOWARD PORTER: pencils/inks p.1, 17**
WELLINTON ALVES: pencils p.2-16 **SCOTT HANNA: inks p.2-16**

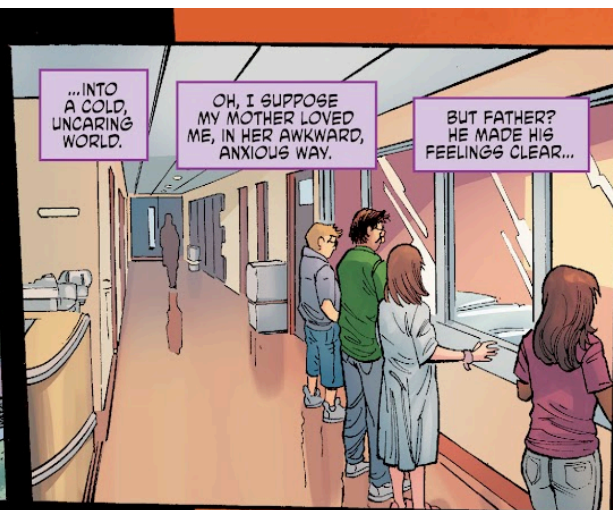
HI-FI: color **TRAVIS LANHAM: letters** **HOWARD PORTER and HI-FI: main cover**
DAN PARENT: variant cover **BRITTANY HOLZHERR: asst. editor** **MARIE JAVINS: group editor**
Based on a concept by **JIM LEE**

I WONDER WHAT MY FATHER WOULD SAY IF HE
COULD SEE ME NOW? PROBABLY THE SAME THING
HE'S BEEN SAYING MY ENTIRE LIFE. "VELMA--"



"--YOU'RE A TERRIBLE DISAPPOINTMENT TO ME."

I KNOW SCIENCE CLAIMS IT'S AN IMPOSSIBILITY, BUT I SWEAR I REMEMBER BEING BORN. TORN FROM THE COMFORT OF THE WOMB...



...INTO A COLD, UNCARING WORLD.

OH, I SUPPOSE MY MOTHER LOVED ME, IN HER AWKWARD, ANXIOUS WAY.

BUT FATHER? HE MADE HIS FEELINGS CLEAR...

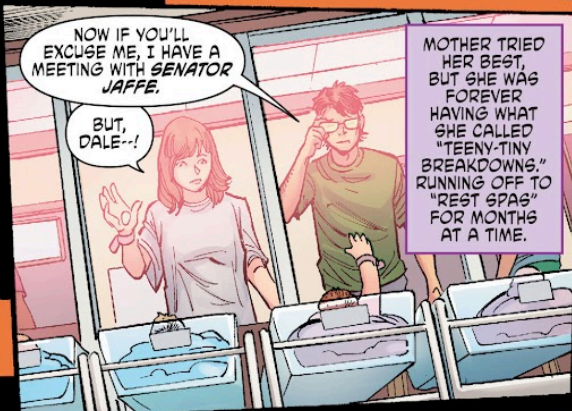


...FROM THE VERY START.

SHE'S A LOVELY LITTLE THING--ISN'T SHE, DALE?

SHE'S A FRAGILE LITTLE RUNT, ANGIE. THE WORLD'S GOING TO DEVOUR HER--

--JUST THE WAY IT'S DEVOURING YOU.



NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE A MEETING WITH SENATOR JAFFE.

BUT, DALE--!

MOTHER TRIED HER BEST, BUT SHE WAS FOREVER HAVING WHAT SHE CALLED "TEENY-TINY BREAKDOWNS," RUNNING OFF TO "REST SPAS" FOR MONTHS AT A TIME.



SWEET LITTLE VELMA...I'M SO SORRY--

--FOR BOTH OF US.

FATHER WAS ALWAYS BUSY WITH POLITICS: A CAMPAIGN MANAGER FOR THREE CONGRESSMEN, TWO SENATORS AND ONE FAILED PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.



HE BELIEVED THAT IT WAS A PERSON'S DUTY TO SERVE THE GREATER GOOD. STRANGE, OF COURSE, THAT THE GOOD HE SO OFTEN LECTURED US ABOUT...

...RARELY EXTENDED TO HIS OWN FAMILY.



THAT LEFT ME IN THE CARE OF NANNIES (MOST OF WHOM COULD HAVE CARED LESS) AND, ON THE RARE OCCASIONS WHEN THEY DEIGNED TO LOOK AT ME...

...MY BROTHERS. OR AS I CAME TO CALL THEM (WITH BOTH MOCKERY AND ENVY)...



...THE FOUR.

THEY WERE LIKE ONE MIND IN A QUARTET OF BODIES, WITH A COLLECTIVE WILL AND PURPOSE THAT NEVER INCLUDED ME.

COULD I BLAME THEM? NOT COMPLETELY. I ALWAYS FELT DIFFERENT. APART. PERHAPS IT WAS MY GENIUS (I DO, AFTER ALL, HAVE AN IQ OF 161)...



...OR PERHAPS IT WAS SOMETHING DEEPER: I WAS NEVER COMFORTABLE (AND THAT'S PUTTING IT MILDLY) INTERACTING WITH OTHERS.

INTERPERSONAL EXCHANGES WERE ALWAYS CONFUSING, EMBARRASSING-- AND, FRANKLY, NOT WORTH THE EFFORT.



WHICH IS WHY I FOUND MYSELF AS ALONE AT SCHOOL AS I WAS AT HOME:

REGRETTED FOR MY INTELLIGENCE. CONSTANTLY RIDICULED FOR MY SOCIAL AWKWARDNESS.

I HATED IT.



AND I HATED THEM.

SO I RETREATED EVEN MORE...



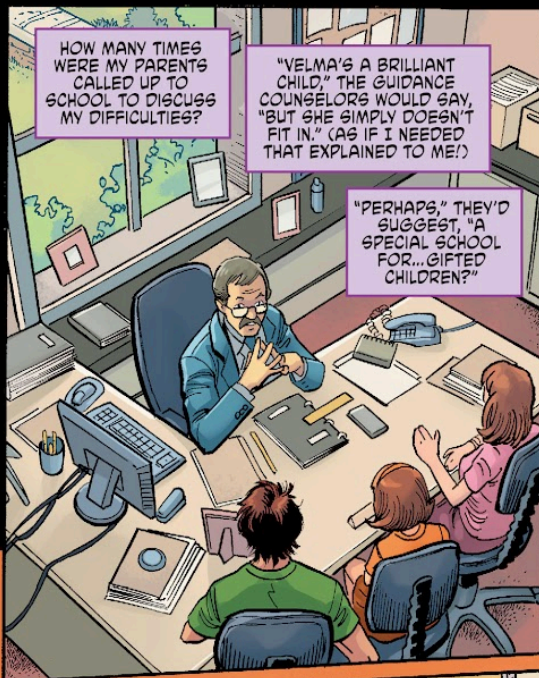
...INTO MY BOOKS. INTO MYSELF.

AND, IN MY OWN PECULIAR WAY...



...I WAS HAPPY. OR PERHAPS...

...I SIMPLY CONVINCED MYSELF I WAS.



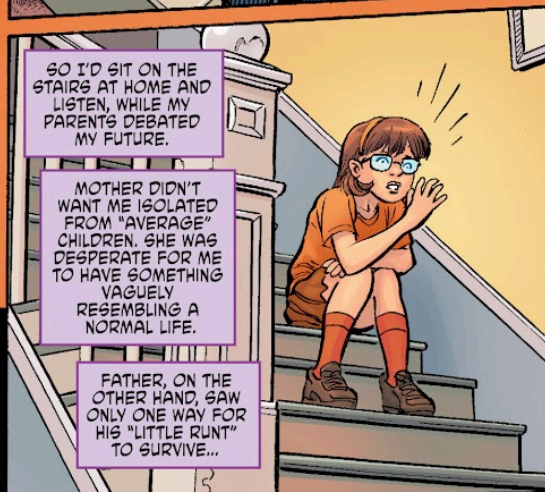
HOW MANY TIMES WERE MY PARENTS CALLED UP TO SCHOOL TO DISCUSS MY DIFFICULTIES?

"VELMA'S A BRILLIANT CHILD," THE GUIDANCE COUNSELORS WOULD SAY, "BUT SHE SIMPLY DOESN'T FIT IN." (AS IF I NEEDED THAT EXPLAINED TO ME!)

"PERHAPS," THEY'D SUGGEST, "A SPECIAL SCHOOL FOR... GIFTED CHILDREN?"



IT CERTAINLY DIDN'T *FEEL* LIKE A GIFT.



SO I'D SIT ON THE STAIRS AT HOME AND LISTEN, WHILE MY PARENTS DEBATED MY FUTURE.

MOTHER DIDN'T WANT ME ISOLATED FROM "AVERAGE" CHILDREN. SHE WAS DESPERATE FOR ME TO HAVE SOMETHING VAGUELY RESEMBLING A NORMAL LIFE.

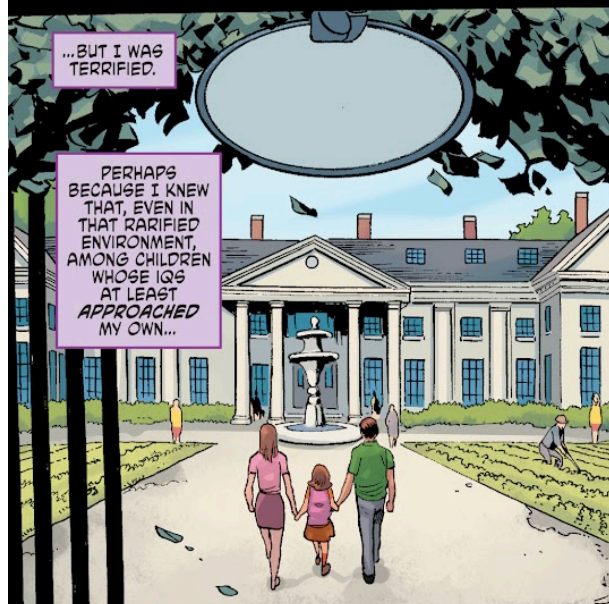
FATHER, ON THE OTHER HAND, SAW ONLY ONE WAY FOR HIS "LITTLE RUNT" TO SURVIVE...



...AND HE ALWAYS WON IN THE END.

SO IT WAS ANNOUNCED THAT I'D SOON BE SENT OFF TO A VERY ELITE, AND VERY EXPENSIVE, BOARDING SCHOOL.

I SHOULD HAVE BEEN ELATED...



...BUT I WAS TERRIFIED.

PERHAPS BECAUSE I KNEW THAT, EVEN IN THAT RARIFIED ENVIRONMENT, AMONG CHILDREN WHOSE IQS AT LEAST APPROACHED MY OWN...



...I'D STILL BE AN OUTCAST.





...THAT WAS FAR
PREFERABLE.

SUMMER VACATION
CRAWLED ALONG
LIKE AN INEBRIATED
SLUG THAT YEAR. I
COULDN'T WAIT TO
GET BACK TO
SCHOOL. TO SEE
MADELYN AGAIN
AND CONTINUE
OUR INTELLECTUAL
VOYAGES.



BUT, AS I SOON
DISCOVERED...

VELMA!
MADELYN...?



...MY FRIEND HAD SPENT
HER VACATION ON A
DIFFERENT KIND OF VOYAGE.
ONE THAT INVOLVED
EXPLODING HORMONES.

SHE HAD, AS
ADULTS LIKE TO SAY,
BLOSSOMED--AND
NOT JUST PHYSICALLY.
MADELYN WU HAD
COMPLETELY
TRANSFORMED...



...INTO A CREATURE
I COULDN'T BEGIN
TO FATHOM.

I LISTENED,
STUNNED, AS
SHE BLATHERED
ON AND ON ABOUT
THE BOY SHE'D
BEEN DATING, THE
NEW FRIENDS
SHE'D MADE.



HOW SHE
COULDN'T
WAIT FOR ME
TO COME VISIT
DURING OCTOBER
BREAK AND MEET
THEM ALL AND
BLAHBLAHBLAH.

AT FIRST I
THOUGHT
IT WAS A
PERFORMANCE:
THAT MADDY
WAS MOCKING
THE SMUG,
SHALLOW GIRLS
WHO'D TREATED
US BOTH SO
CRUELLY FOR
SO LONG.

BUT WHEN I REALIZED
THAT SHE WASN'T JOKING...



WILL
YOU PLEASE
SHUT UP?!

...SOMETHING
SNAPPED
INSIDE ME.

VELMA!
WH-WHAT ARE
YOU...?





...BUT I DON'T.
BECAUSE MADELYN
WU TAUGHT ME AN
IMPORTANT LESSON:

PEOPLE
LIKE ME CAN'T
HAVE FRIENDS.
PEOPLE LIKE ME...



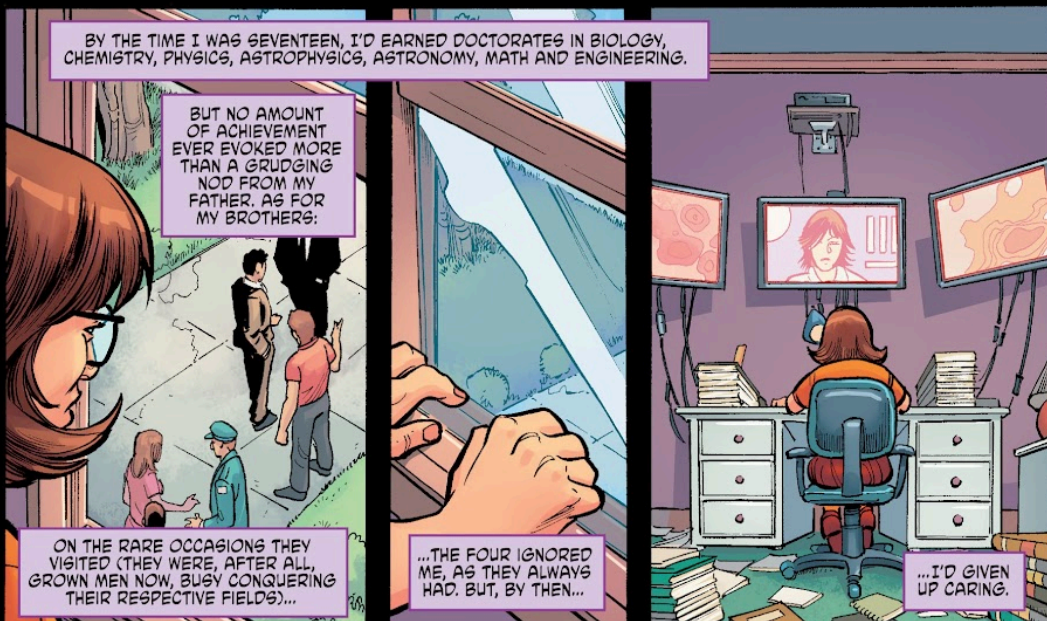
...DESERVE
TO BE ALONE.



MY PARENTS HAD DIVORCED BY
THEN--I RARELY SAW MOTHER
AFTER THAT--AND IT WAS EASY
ENOUGH TO CONVINCE FATHER THAT
I SHOULD BE HOME-SCHOOLED.

AFTER ALL, KEEPING HIS
PECULIAR DAUGHTER
LOCKED AWAY IN THE
HOUSE SPARED HIM NO
END OF EMBARRASSMENT.

GIVEN MY
EXTRAORDINARY
INTELLIGENCE, I WAS
QUICKLY ENROLLED IN
DISTANCE-LEARNING
PROGRAMS AT AN
ARRAY OF IVY LEAGUE
UNIVERSITIES.



BY THE TIME I WAS SEVENTEEN, I'D EARNED DOCTORATES IN BIOLOGY,
CHEMISTRY, PHYSICS, ASTROPHYSICS, ASTRONOMY, MATH AND ENGINEERING.

BUT NO AMOUNT
OF ACHIEVEMENT
EVER EVOKED MORE
THAN A GRUDGING
NOD FROM MY
FATHER. AS FOR
MY BROTHERS:

ON THE RARE OCCASIONS THEY
VISITED (THEY WERE, AFTER ALL,
GROWN MEN NOW, BUSY CONQUERING
THEIR RESPECTIVE FIELDS)...

...THE FOUR IGNORED
ME, AS THEY ALWAYS
HAD. BUT, BY THEN...

...I'D GIVEN
UP CARING.

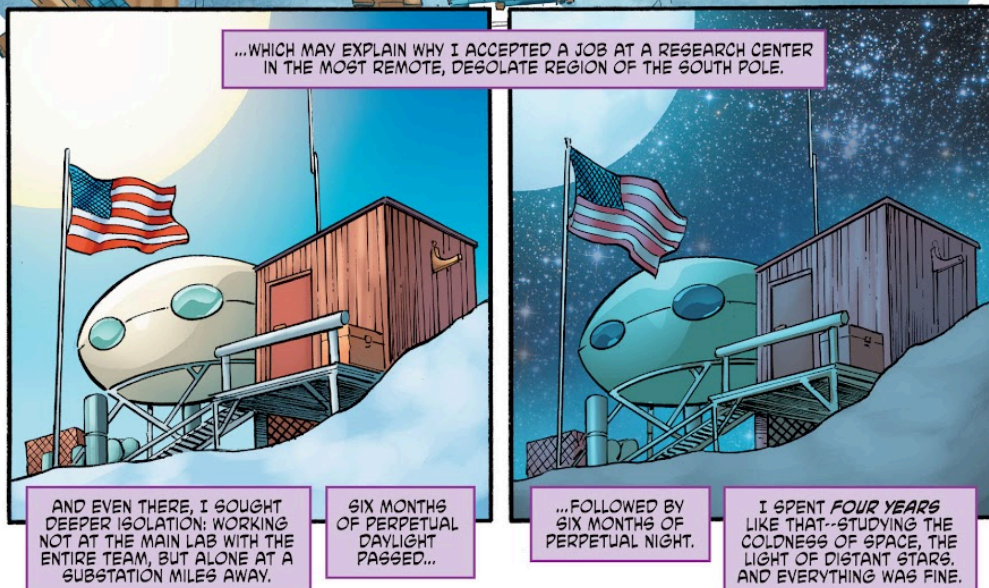


BUT IF I'M HONEST, I MUST ADMIT THERE WAS A PART OF ME THAT WANTED TO BELONG TO SOMETHING BIGGER THAN MYSELF.

EVEN AS I CONTINUED TO RETREAT INTO A WORLD OF PURE KNOWLEDGE, I LONGED TO REACH OUT, TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE IN THE LIVES OF THE MASSES I BOTH ENVIED AND DESPISED.

PERHAPS IT WAS FATHER'S CONSTANT LECTURES ABOUT SERVING THE GREATER GOOD. PERHAPS I HOPED THAT, BY SOMEHOW IMPROVING *HUMANITY'S* LOT, I COULD MAKE MY *OWN* LOT BETTER.

BUT WANTING TO SERVE HUMANKIND AND INTERACTING WITH OTHER PEOPLE WERE TWO VASTLY DIFFERENT THINGS...



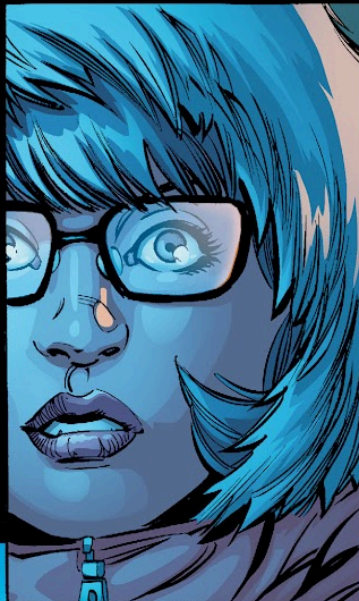
...WHICH MAY EXPLAIN WHY I ACCEPTED A JOB AT A RESEARCH CENTER IN THE MOST REMOTE, DESOLATE REGION OF THE SOUTH POLE.

AND EVEN THERE, I SOUGHT DEEPER ISOLATION: WORKING NOT AT THE MAIN LAB WITH THE ENTIRE TEAM, BUT ALONE AT A SUBSTATION MILES AWAY.

SIX MONTHS OF PERPETUAL DAYLIGHT PASSED...

...FOLLOWED BY SIX MONTHS OF PERPETUAL NIGHT.

I SPENT *FOUR YEARS* LIKE THAT--STUDYING THE COLDNESS OF SPACE, THE LIGHT OF DISTANT STARS, AND EVERYTHING WAS FINE.

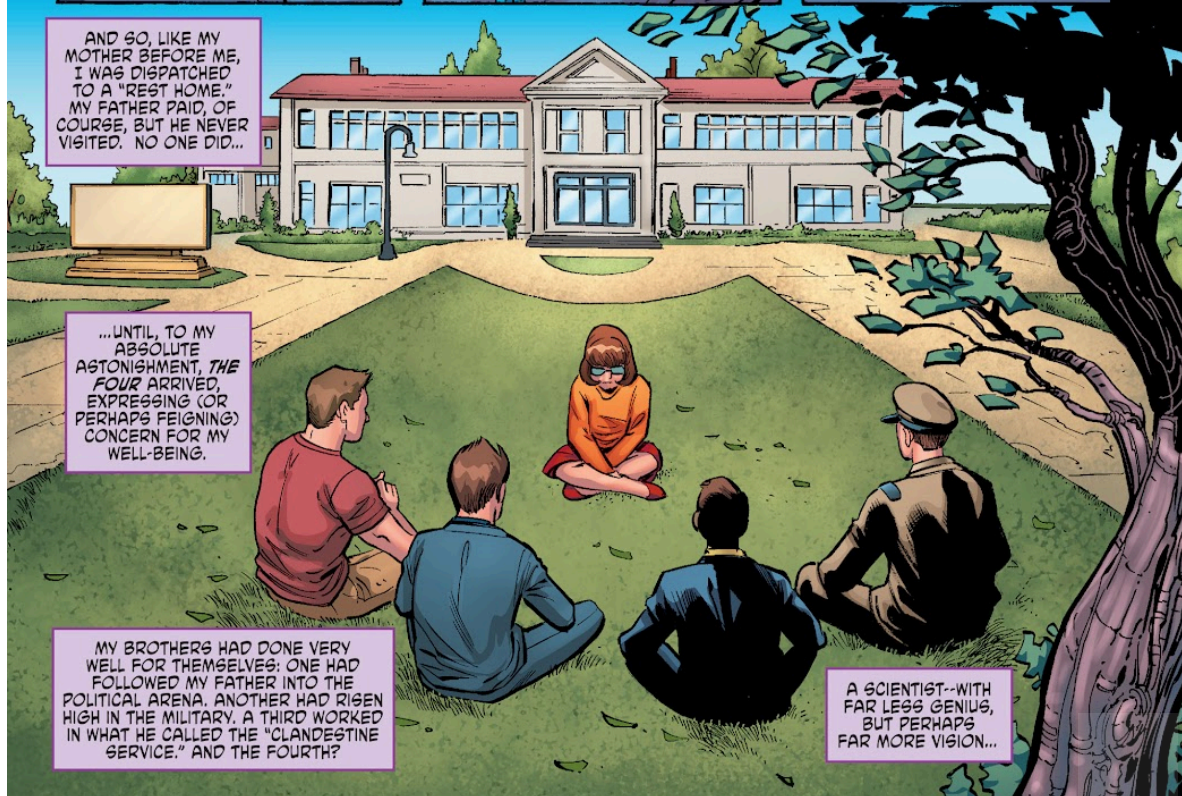


AND SO, LIKE MY MOTHER BEFORE ME, I WAS DISPATCHED TO A "REST HOME." MY FATHER PAID, OF COURSE, BUT HE NEVER VISITED. NO ONE DID...

...UNTIL, TO MY ABSOLUTE ASTONISHMENT, **THE FOUR** ARRIVED, EXPRESSING (OR PERHAPS FEIGNING) CONCERN FOR MY WELL-BEING.

MY BROTHERS HAD DONE VERY WELL FOR THEMSELVES: ONE HAD FOLLOWED MY FATHER INTO THE POLITICAL ARENA. ANOTHER HAD RISEN HIGH IN THE MILITARY. A THIRD WORKED IN WHAT HE CALLED THE "CLANDESTINE SERVICE." AND THE FOURTH?

A SCIENTIST--WITH FAR LESS GENIUS, BUT PERHAPS FAR MORE VISION...



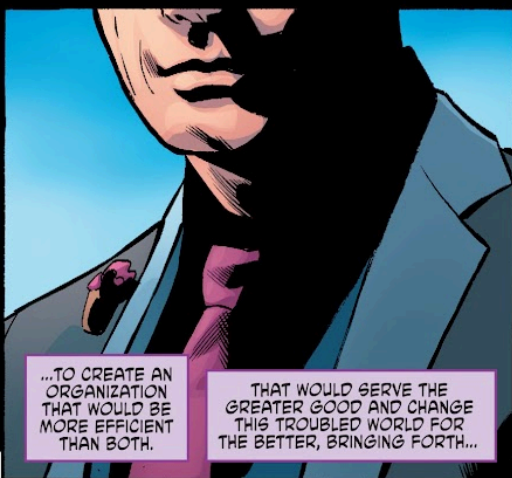


...THAN
HIS SISTER
POSSESSED.

THEY EACH
SPOKE IN TURN,
TELLING ME
ABOUT THEIR
PLANS FOR *THE*
COMPLEX (WHICH
WAS ALREADY
BEING BUILT)...



...HOW THE FOUR OF
THEM HAD POOLED
THEIR RESOURCES,
THEIR CONNECTIONS IN
GOVERNMENT AND THE
PRIVATE SECTOR...



...TO CREATE AN
ORGANIZATION
THAT WOULD BE
MORE EFFICIENT
THAN BOTH.

THAT WOULD SERVE THE
GREATER GOOD AND CHANGE
THIS TROUBLED WORLD FOR
THE BETTER, BRINGING FORTH...



...A
GOLDEN
AGE.

BUT IN
ORDER TO
MAKE OUR VISION
A REALITY, WE
NEED A *SUPERIOR*
MIND, VELMA. WE
NEED YOU.

ME?
YOU FOUR
HAVE *NEVER*
NEEDED ME.
NEVER
WANTED
ME.

OR
IS IT--



--THAT
YOU NEVER
WANTED
US?

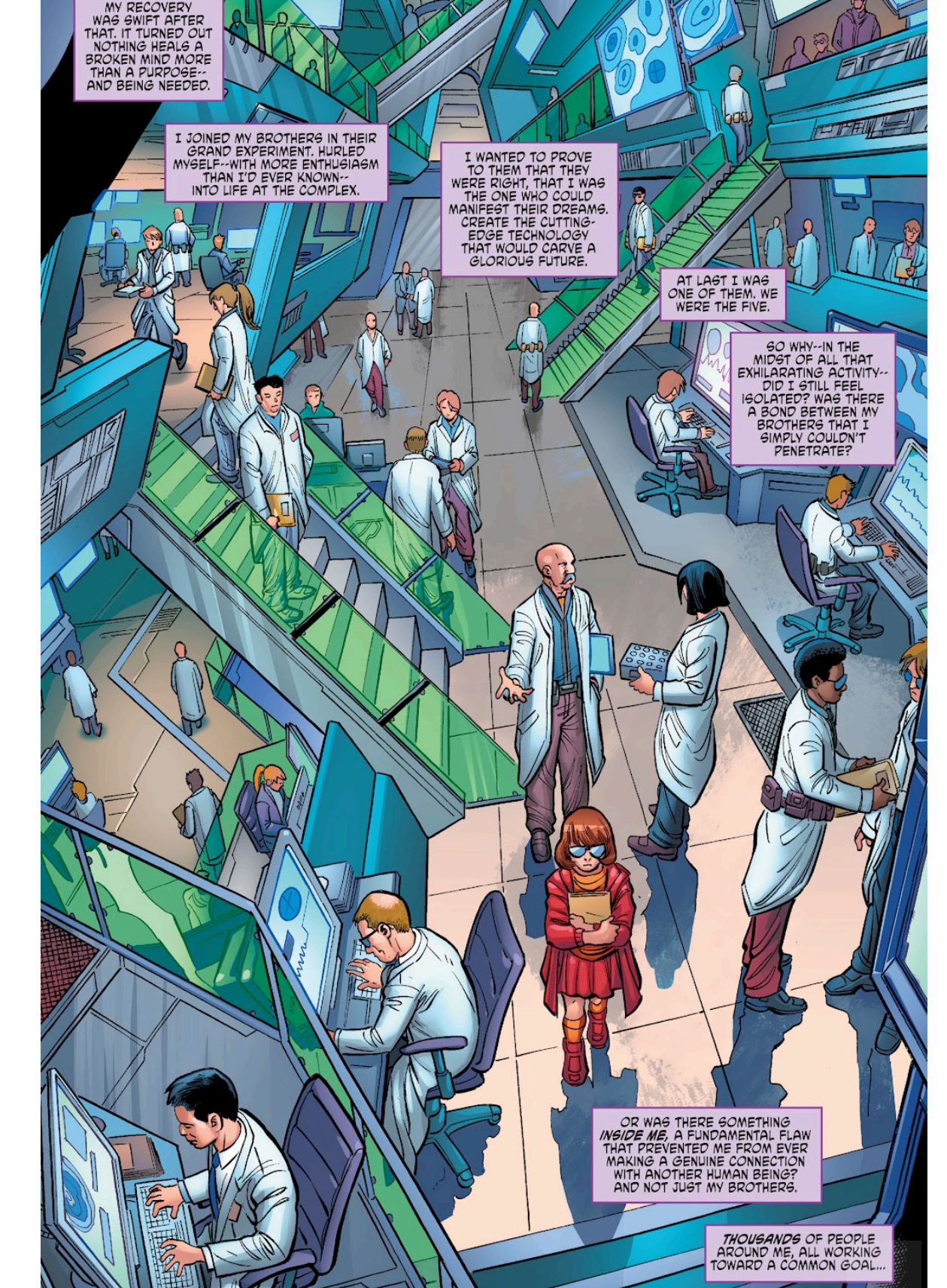
WHATEVER
THE CASE--THE
PAST IS DEAD
AND GONE. THE
FOUR ARE
FINISHED.



FROM
NOW ON--



--WE'LL BE
THE FIVE.



MY RECOVERY WAS SWIFT AFTER THAT. IT TURNED OUT NOTHING HEALS A BROKEN MIND MORE THAN A PURPOSE-- AND BEING NEEDED.

I JOINED MY BROTHERS IN THEIR GRAND EXPERIMENT. HURLED MYSELF--WITH MORE ENTHUSIASM THAN I'D EVER KNOWN-- INTO LIFE AT THE COMPLEX.

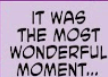
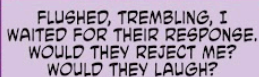
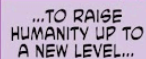
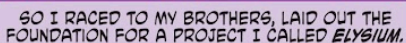
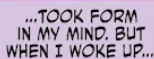
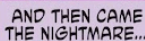
I WANTED TO PROVE TO THEM THAT THEY WERE RIGHT, THAT I WAS THE ONE WHO COULD MANIFEST THEIR DREAMS. CREATE THE CUTTING-EDGE TECHNOLOGY THAT WOULD CARVE A GLORIOUS FUTURE.

AT LAST I WAS ONE OF THEM. WE WERE THE FIVE.

SO WHY--IN THE MIDST OF ALL THAT EXHILARATING ACTIVITY-- DID I STILL FEEL ISOLATED? WAS THERE A BOND BETWEEN MY BROTHERS THAT I SIMPLY COULDN'T PENETRATE?

OR WAS THERE SOMETHING *INSIDE ME*, A FUNDAMENTAL FLAW THAT PREVENTED ME FROM EVER MAKING A GENUINE CONNECTION WITH ANOTHER HUMAN BEING? AND NOT JUST MY BROTHERS.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE AROUND ME, ALL WORKING TOWARD A COMMON GOAL...



...OF MY
ENTIRE LIFE...

...MATCHED ONLY BY
THE DAY, EIGHTEEN
MONTHS LATER, WHEN
I STOOD ON THAT
BALCONY IN PARIS...



...AND SOWED THE
SEEDS OF EDEN ON
THE AIR. SCATTERING
MY NANITES ACROSS
THE PLANET.

MY GREATEST
TRIUMPH?



MY GREATEST
TRAGEDY.



WHEN I DISCOVERED MY BROTHERS HAD ALTERED MY WORK, THAT
THEY WEREN'T JUST WEEDING OUT HUMANKIND'S NEGATIVE IMPULSES...

...BUT BREEDING IN
A KIND OF PASSIVITY
THAT WOULD ALLOW
PEOPLE TO BE EASILY
CONTROLLED...

...I KNEW I HAD TO ACT. EXPOSE
THEM BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE.
I FELT A PROFOUND HORROR
AND A TERRIBLE SENSE OF
RESPONSIBILITY: TO MYSELF--AND
TO THE WORLD I'D ENDANGERED.

AND, YES, I WANTED TO **PUNISH** THE
FOUR FOR THEIR BETRAYAL, LASH
OUT AT THEM FOR HURTING ME...



...JUST AS I'D ONCE
LASHED OUT AT
MADelyn WU. WAS
THAT PETTY OF ME?
PERHAPS. DID IT
MAKE MY TASK ANY
LESS URGENT?



NO.

BUT WHO COULD I TURN TO? THE COMPLEX HAD EYES AND EARS EVERYWHERE: I COULDN'T GO TO THE NEW YORK TIMES OR THE WASHINGTON POST OR THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.



I NEEDED SOMETHING, SOMEONE...

...JOIN US NEXT WEEK ON DAPHNE BLAKE'S MYSTERIOUS MYSTERIES AS WE INVESTIGATE THE INFAMOUS HUDSON VALLEY UFO SIGHTINGS--

--AND TALK TO A MAN WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE MATED WITH FIFTEEN DIFFERENT ALIEN RACES. RIGHT HERE-- ON THE KNITTING CHANNEL.



...OFF THE RADAR.

I KNEW OF DAPHNE'S BACKGROUND IN SERIOUS JOURNALISM, READ ABOUT HER PRECIPITOUS FALL FROM GRACE.

THE COMPLEX WOULDN'T BE PAYING ATTENTION TO THE HOST OF AN EMBARRASSING SHOW ON AN EMBARRASSING CABLE NETWORK.



SO I CALLED HER...

...AND PRAYED WE COULD DO SOMETHING, ANYTHING, TO STOP MY BROTHERS--BEFORE THE NIGHTMARES...



...DEVoured US ALL.

I LIED TO DAPHNE THEN, ABOUT MY INVOLVEMENT IN PROJECT ELYSIUM. AND I'VE BEEN LYING, TO HER, TO SHAGGY AND FRED, EVER SINCE.

AND I LIVE IN FEAR OF THE DAY WHEN THEY DISCOVER WHO, WHAT...



A NEVADA HOUSING
DEVELOPMENT...

WELL,
THAT'S NOT
A PRETTY
SIGHT.

THE ADVENTURES OF SCRAPPY-DOO & THE SCRAPPY GANG!

SCRAPPY'S SELF-IMPROVEMENT PLAN!

A zany romp with those lovable,
laughable pups, courtesy of:

KEITH GIFFEN & J.M. DeMATTEIS: writers
DALE EAGLESHAM: art HI-FI: color TRAVIS LANHAM: letters
BRITTANY HOLZHERR: asst. editor
MARIE JAVINS: loves dogs and freelancers

GRAAARR!
RAARRR! AROOOO! HISSSSS!

YAAAHH!

CHAAAACK!



HMMM.
THOSE
SCREAMS
SOUNDED
HUMAN.

I GUESS
DINKLEY AND HER
CREW AREN'T THE ONLY
ONES WHO HAVEN'T
BEEN MUTATED BY
THIS DAMN
PLAGUE--

--OR WHATEVER IT IS
THE COMPLEX UNLEASHED.
GUESS WE COULD GO DOWN
THERE AND HELP--

--BUT,
REALLY,
WHAT HAVE
HUMANS
EVER DONE
FOR
US?

**ROWWRRR!
ROOOO!
HISSSS!
CHAARRRR!
KAAAAA!**

OKAY, SO
THEY TURNED US
INTO SO-CALLED
SMART-DOGS, BUT
THEY ONLY DID
THAT TO USE
US.

SELL
US--LIKE
SLAVES--
TO THE
MILITARY.

IN OTHER
WORDS, THEY
"IMPROVED" US
SO WE COULD
DIE FOR
THEM.

AND FOR
THAT THEY
EXPECTED
LOYALTY?
IDIOTS!

GRRRRR

YEAH, YEAH--
I HEAR YA, *SNUFFLES*.
YOU AND THE OTHERS
WANNA GO DOWN THERE
AND TEAR A FEW
HUMANS APART
YOURSELVES--

**GRRRRR
ROWWRRRRR**

--BUT
THOSE MONSTERS
WOULD MAKE SHORT
WORK OF US.

OF COURSE YOU
ALL WOULD'VE FIGURED
THAT OUT FOR YOURSELVES
IF YOUR *IMPLANTS* WEREN'T
DEFECTIVE.

AS IT IS, I'M
THE ONLY ONE WHOSE
ARTICULATION CHIP DIDN'T
BURN OUT WHEN THE
POWER AT THE COMPLEX
WENT DOWN.

NOT
EASY BEING
THE ONLY GENIUS
IN A PACK OF
MORONS.

UH...NOTHING
PERSONAL.

YOU WANNA
DO SOMETHING USEFUL?
FLANK THE HOUSE. BUT STAY
OUT OF SIGHT.

LET THE
MONSTERS
HAVE THEIR
FUN.

AND
DON'T MAKE A
MOVE UNLESS I
ORDER IT.

**ROWWWF
ROWWWF**

CAN'T SAY
THOSE THINGS
AREN'T EFFICIENT.
WASTEFUL--BUT
EFFICIENT.

ONCE THEY'RE
GONE, MY BOYS
CAN FEAST ON THE
LEFTOVERS. SHOULD
MAKE FOR A TERRIFIC
LUNCH. AND WE WON'T
EVEN HAVE TO
WORK FOR IT.

ONE GOOD
THING ABOUT
THE APOCALYPSE:
THERE'S LOTS OF
FREE EATS.

BUT IT'S ONLY
A MATTER OF TIME
BEFORE ALL OUR CYBER-
PARTS DIE OUT--AND THEN
WE ALL GO BACK TO BEING
ORDINARY CANINES. AND
I HAVE NO INTENTION
OF BEING ORDINARY
AGAIN.

WHICH IS WHY
WE'VE GOTTA
FIND DINKLEY. SHE'S
THE ONLY ONE WITH
THE KNOW-HOW TO
UPGRADE US.

THE
ONLY ONE
LEFT ALIVE,
THAT IS.

AND WHEN
WE DO FIND THE
DOC--I HOPE
SCOOPY-DOO
IS STILL WITH
HER.

GOD, I
HATE THAT
SOFT-HEARTED
SIMPLETON WITH
A PASSION!

BUT
HE'S NOT OUR
PROBLEM RIGHT
NOW: SURVIVAL
IS.

THE WHOLE
COUNTRY'S CRAWLING
WITH THOSE MUTATED
BEASTIES. WE'VE
MANAGED TO AVOID
A BATTLE WITH 'EM
TILL NOW--

--BUT THE
DAY'S GONNA
COME WHEN WE'LL
HAVE TO GO
TO WAR--

--AND MUCH
AS MY GANG OF
IDIOTS ANNOYS THE
HELL OUT OF ME--
THEY LOOK UP TO
OL' SCRAPPY-DOO.
DEPEND ON
ME.

AND I'M
NOT LETTING
THEM DIE.

SCRATCH
SCRATCH

AT LEAST
NOT TILL
I LOCATE
DINKLEY.

OF
COURSE, ONCE I DO,
ALL BETS
ARE--

SCRATCH
SCRATCH

LOOK AT ME! SCRATCHING AT MYSELF LIKE SOME... SOME DUMB MUTT!

IF THOSE OLD REFLEXES ARE KICKING IN, THESE IMPLANTS MIGHT BE FADING FASTER THAN I THOUGHT.

WE'VE GOTTA GET ON THE ROAD... FIND THE DOC... FAST.

BUT TO DO THAT WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO PLOW THROUGH THOSE MONSTERS. AND TO DO THAT--

--I'M GONNA HAVE TO MAKE SOME BIG CHANGES.

JUST BEFORE THE COMPLEX WENT DOWN, THEY IMPLANTED AN ARRAY OF EXPERIMENTAL TECH IN ME.

NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO TRY IT OUT.

GUESS NOW'S AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY.

NANOTECH TO MORPH BONE STRUCTURE... MAGNIFY MUSCLE STRENGTH... INITIATE RAPID HEALING... ELEVATE MY--

...MY...

HUFF-HUFF-HUFF...

WHOLE BODY...IS ON FIRE.

HEAD'S POUNDING... FEEL LIKE I'M GONNA...PUKE AND CRAP AT THE SAME TIME.

SNAP
KRAAK

KRAAAK
SNAPPT
POKT

DAMN THAT HURTS!



**BUT IT'S
WORTH
IT!**

'CAUSE NOW
I'M READY FOR
THOSE BEASTIES!
I'M READY FOR
ANYTHING!

WAIT'LL
DOCTOR DINKLEY
SEES WHAT I'VE
BECOME! AND
THAT WEAKLING
SCOOBERT?

**LEMME
AT 'IM!**

ONE LOOK
AT ME AND HE'LL
JUST ROLL OVER
ONTO HIS BACK--
BEGGING FOR
MERCY!

BUT I'M NOT
THE MERCIFUL TYPE--
THOSE JACKASSES AT
THE COMPLEX BRED IT
OUT OF ME--SO I'LL MAKE
SURE SCOOPY-DOO
DIES A VERY SLOW
DEATH--

--AND I'LL
ENJOY EVERY
AGONIZING
MINUTE!

**NEXT: THE CENTER
CANNOT HOLD!**



THE SUPER-SONS MEET FOR THE FIRST TIME!

SUPERMAN

*In the Name of
the Father*

#10

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TOMASI
AND PATRICK
GLEASON

ART BY
PATRICK
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SEASON 2



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After the defeat of the immortal villain Vandal Savage and the corrupt Time Masters who colluded with him, a new threat emerges in Season Two! Dr. Nate Heywood, an unconventional and

charming historian, is thrust into the action upon making a shocking discovery—the Legends are scattered throughout time.

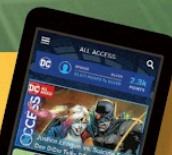
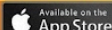
Nate must find a way to rescue Season One's beloved team of heroes and rogues. This includes billionaire inventor Ray Palmer, who has created an exo-suit with the power to shrink him to minuscule size to become the Atom; Sara Lance, the White Canary, a trained assassin; Professor Martin Stein and Jefferson "Jax" Jackson, who together form the metahuman Firestorm; and Mick Rory, a.k.a. Heat Wave, a career criminal. When the Legends encounter the JSA (the Justice Society of America, the precursor to DC's Justice League) in the 1940s, Amaya Jiwe, a.k.a. Vixen, joins the team. While the team reunites, a mystery looms—the fate of former captain Rip Hunter.

Once reunited, the Legends continue their new mission to protect the timeline from temporal aberrations—unusual changes to history that spawn potentially catastrophic consequences. When Nate, the grandson of JSA member Commander Steel, unexpectedly finds himself with powers, he must overcome his own insecurities and find the hero within himself. Ultimately, the Legends will clash with foes both past and present to save the world from a mysterious new threat. *Season Two starts Thursday, October 13, at 8/7c!*



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SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

